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THIS BOOK THE GIFT OF

Mr. William T. Morrey

THE WAY OF THE CHILDISH
(BÁLAMATIMÁRGA)

Dedicated
TO THOSE WHO SUFFER
and to that GREAT SOUL,
WHO
first set the feet of HIS loving
CHELA
on the Path towards
WISDOM.

THE WAY OF THE CHILDISH

(BALAMATIMARGA)

By

SHRI ÂDVAITÂCHÂRYA

Written down by the Author of
"THE REAL TOLERANCE"

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PREFACE

THE methods by which some of the Sages of India instruct their disciples are varied according to the temperament and evolutionary stage of the disciples themselves. The great Teachers known as "Masters" in the Theosophical literature, instruct their pupils (with a few rare exceptions) from another plane: but there are others who instruct them by word of mouth. "*The Way of the Childish*" is the fruit of the writer's discipleship with a Teacher of the latter class, and is transcribed in part for the benefit of the Western world; the entire teaching not being of a nature that can advisedly be presented to the public at

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large. *The reasons for this are not far to seek, for on the one hand, a considerable knowledge of oriental philosophy and metaphysics were necessary to a right comprehension, and on the other, certain physical and mental exercises were given, which may be suited to one individual but quite unsuited to another. "The Way of the Childish," as it stands, however, is perfectly comprehensible to everybody; of whatever country, line of thought, religious (or even irreligious) persuasion he may be: indeed the reader will often be struck by the knowledge of the West and its customs which the Sage shows. This, it may be remarked, is partly owing to the unbounded tolerance which all true Indian Teachers manifest, and also to the fact that for many years the Sage lived in the Western world, and his teaching was delivered to a Western disciple.*

As to the Doctrine itself—the transcriber has endeavoured to explain it as briefly as

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possible in a few aphorisms preceding the text : a word at the end has also been added for the benefit of those who wish to carry out the teachings in a practical way.

With regard to any Sanskrit words or phrases in the text, the transcriber has tried to translate them to the best of his ability, but where they imply a deeper and fuller meaning, he has explained them in the foot-notes ; more especially for the benefit of students of occultism and oriental philosophy.

A little indulgence is requested concerning the fact that no biographical data can be given of the Sage, but the reason is that on treading the path of Wisdom, nearly all Indian Teachers renounce their identity and take another name. Nor is it possible to find out where they were born nor their age—at least in this case it was so. Suffice it to say that Shri Advaitacharya was a man of strong physique and benign countenance, who might be described as some-

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where around the forties : anything further than this very meagre description the writer is not permitted to supply.

As to the transcriber himself, he thinks he will not be blamed for following in the footsteps of his Master, remembering for one thing, that the work is not his, and also that "he who would selflessly give to the world will give unknown to the world : for the attachment of a name presupposes a certain degree of vanity."

THE TRANSCRIBER.

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EXPLANATORY FOREWORD

HE who says "What's in a name?" infers the answer, "Truly in a name there is nothing." Yet the writer has learned that in a name there is a great power of magic, while in a certain point of view there is even greater magic: and "The Way of the Childish" seeks to emphasize this fact.

Among doctors there is a tendency to christen unexplainable maladies by high-sounding appellations, thereby seeming to explain them. The Sage does not seek so much to explain things by naming them, as to alter them.

A religious preacher is dependent on the convictions of his hearers for the success of

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his oratory: he urges "do not do this" and "do not do that" because "Religion proclaims it to be wrong"; and herein lies the sole reason for his admonitions. The Sage, however, strives to emphasize a different factor in the case, and to bring forward another kind of appeal—he says "do not do this, and do not do that, because it is *childish*."

Humanity may be placed into two classes—grown-up souls and childish souls: but there are many childish souls in adult bodies, and occasionally grown-up souls in child-bodies.

As the characteristic of a child is to derive pleasure and pain from things that no longer give pleasure and pain to an adult, so the characteristic of a childish soul is to derive pleasure and pain from things that no longer give such to a grown-up soul.

A childish soul manifests in varying degree

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the two great genitors of all mental misery : namely, vanity and the sense of possession in all their forms, and with all their ramifications—but the grown-up soul is free from these, for he stands *above* them.

Those who think with the thoughts of others instead of with their own thoughts are apt to say, " Human Nature can never be changed,"¹ but in spite of those very thoughts, they send forth into the Dark Regions to change the hearts of savages.

He who knows well how to instruct a child is changing the human nature of that child ; he is teaching it to outgrow its childishness. Needless it is to set forth the truism that the child is potentially the man ; but that the child-soul of the savage is potentially the man-soul of the Sage,² this is

¹ See Norman Angell, *The Great Illusion*, chap. iii.

² This is a reference to Parinama, i.e. evolution, but not merely physical but spiritual as well.

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not so evident to the many: nor that the nature of the Sage is but the changed human nature of the savage.

Why does the Sage bring the factor of childishness into the contemplation of evil propensities? And the answer is, because of its truth, and because of its power: for although there are many who care to remain "sinful," yet there are few who care to remain in the nursery.

A philosopher hath said, "Man is something to be surpassed,"¹ and may be that is true: but the writer believes Man is also something yet to be achieved; for many people are still children—hence "The Way of the Childish."

THE TRANSCRIBER.

¹ Nietzsche.

THE WAY OF THE CHILDISH

I

THAT WHICH IS CHILDISH

THERE is pain of the body, and there is also pain of the mind, but who does not seek to cure his afflicted body ? And yet there are many who seek not to cure their afflicted minds.

They who make a “hobby” of their physical pains show themselves indeed to be the victims of childishness, for their mentalities, being void of weightier things, they

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must needs turn their pains into toys to amuse themselves with, so that their friends smile upon them.

But the grown-up soul—he is constrained to smile at those who make a hobby of their *mental* pains, and who hug to themselves little twinges of spite and jealousy and hate, because their minds are too void of more manly things to oust these pain-bestowing toys.

He is a wise man who can cure the pains of his own body, and he is even a wiser man who can cure the pains of his own mind. Yet is hatred a pain in the mind of him who hates, likewise jealousy and spitefulness; for is not each of these an unpleasant sensation? Childish is the being who clings to unpleasant sensations.

There are those who think within their hearts, some deformities savour of romance and the romantic, and he who has lost a limb

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in a heroic action is truly worthy of compassionate admiration. Yes, the heroic action is of certainty laudable, but the loss of a limb is ever an unpleasant spectacle.

Yet can the disease of childishness ever savour of the romantic, and is the disease of jealousy ever a pleasant spectacle ? Truly childishness is a romanceless ulcer of the mind, and he who aspires to be wholly romantic must be devoid of childishness.

II

VANITY

WELL did the philosopher maintain, "Wounded vanity is the mother of all tragedies." ¹ But few there are who realize the truth of that saying, and few who can discern the foolish face of vanity peeping through the texture of their actions. Yet is vanity the acme of childishness.

Behold the child ! It says, " Watch me to do this, and watch me do that," for, unknown to itself, vanity is its plaything and the bestower of pleasure. Vanity is also the plaything of the adult, but then it is called by a

¹ Nietzsche.

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grander name ;¹ it is called my honour, my pride, my self-respect, especially when it is wounded or needs to sacrifice a little of itself. Nevertheless is it still vanity, call it what we will, and since it be so fragile, it is but a foolish plaything, and only fit for children.

The grown-up soul has never use for vanity : for the little pleasure it gives is but a pleasure for children, and the pain it gives is but a reminder that best it were wrenched out and destroyed.

And yet—for some there is still a little use for vanity—it is for those who are yet plodding towards manhood. For just as one needs another thorn to pluck out the thorn that is already embedded in the finger, so may one use a little vanity to pluck out the vanity embedded in our own minds—aye, let it be one's vanity to be rid of vanity, for thus one will be rid of childishness.

III

THE FUTILITY OF HATE

THERE are some things worth doing, and there are some things not worth doing: hating is not worth doing.

A child plays in the sand and makes castles, which shortly the tide washes away, and the child's playful labour has thus been for nought: but a man finds it irksome to play in the sand, for his mind is occupied with weightier things.

So does the childish soul play with the childish sand, and build castles of idle, slanderous gossip and petty spitefulness,

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saying, "She is that, and he is this," or "He said that and she said this," and "Oh, I dislike her" and "I dislike him"—and then the Tide of Time comes and washes all these sayings away, for none of them were worth saying, and likely most of them were never true. But the grown-up soul, he has no taste for such castle-building with little clods of hatred; he also knows its transience, and prefers to build castles of love. For the Great Ones have said: "Hatred is fleeting, but Love is of the Eternal."

Which is the most manly, to forgive or not to forgive? Aye, to forgive, for resentment is not worth the bearing. It is also painful to him who bears it, and often harmless for the one to whom it is borne. Resentment is one of the pains of vanity.

But if malice is foolish, still more foolish is the taking of revenge—even the smallest revenge—for truly it is a waste of useful

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activity, and only children and lunatics waste their activities.

He who strives to injure another injures himself, for the *desire* to injure is a pain in the mind of him who desires to do the injury.¹

There are those who can say, "Revenge is sweet," for they are victims of catch-phrases and truthless truths—but so are painted sweetmeats to the palates of children, yet sickness follows in their wake. Verily, were it better to substitute truth-phrases for catch-phrases, and say: "Revenge is

¹ This phrase has been modified for those unversed in oriental philosophy—the original ran thus: He who strives to injure another injures himself twofold, for the desire to injure is a pain in the mind of him who desires to do the injury, and the law of Karma can never be thwarted: Karma being the law of cause and effect in its relation to actions. The Bible has it, "as a man sows, so shall he reap."

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merely childish and devoid of either usefulness or sense."

Ah, truly catch-phrases are workers of harm and genitors of superstition and destroyers of logic: for even he who calls himself a Christian exclaims: "Resist not evil!" yet with the same voice hisses: "I must revenge my honour, or be killed in the attempt." Truly he lacks a sense of proportion, who would as soon have a bullet in his heart as a bullet in his vanity. But then these catch-phrases—they have clothed vanity by an imperious name, and vanity has gone mad, like the beggar who thinks himself an emperor.

IV

TRUE AND FALSE VIRTUES

THERE are true virtues and there are false virtues : true virtues are the outcome of the love of goodness, false virtues are the outcome of selfishness and vanity. “O pilgrim on the way to manhood, learn how to purify your virtues !”

In the domains of love¹ truly there are many false virtues, but few are they who realize their falseness.

Listen ! Some beings are cold, and some beings are passionate, and the cold ones

¹ Sex-love is meant here.

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are apt to deem themselves more virtuous than the passionate ones, because they can call themselves continent: but, verily, coldness is never a virtue, and continence, which is the outcome of coldness, is but a false virtue.

He who would reach the far side of the mountain must begin at the near side and so ascend to the summit: how were it possible otherwise for him to reach the Beyond?

But on the near side of the mountain there is waste and frigidness and desolation, and on the summit there are strong winds, but moments of sunshine and glimpses of azure skies between the frequent storms: while on the far side there is eternal blue and eternal peace.

So, on the summit of the mountain are battling the passionate ones—and that battling is good for their souls: and on the far side are those who are *beyond* passion—the only truly continent ones—but the cold and

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the calculating,¹ verily they have not even begun to ascend the mountain ; and they are the ones whose virtue is false.

Trite is the precept, “ Let no man be proud of his virtues,” for pride of virtue, even, is a deformity—so infers the precept—but they who search the secrets of the heart know that he who is proud of his virtues shows that pride is the *mother* of those virtues ; and fearful is that proud one lest he should lose them.

But the adult soul—he knows that even a virtue is not *always* a virtue. Truly a crime it is to kill, but even killing may be a virtue if it be duty.²

¹ Hence does the Bible say : “ Even the harlots are nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than the Pharisees.” For obviously those who have no love for man cannot love God, and those who have no feelings at all cannot feel the bliss of the Heaven-Planes.

² This refers to a soldier. The word is Dharma, meaning something more elevated and unselfish than mere duty—but there is no English equivalent.

TRUE AND FALSE VIRTUES

Ah, verily, alone the false virtues are those of which a man is proud and afraid to lose—true virtues cannot be lost, for they are the attributes of a full-grown soul, and he who has once attained to manhood cannot again become a child.

V

SELFISHNESS AND UNSELFISH- NESS

SELFISHNESS and unselfishness ! There is much preaching about this pair of opposites, yet how often does the face of truth shine through the faces of those preachers ?

Truthfully do they say, "Unselfishness is a virtue," but forgetful are they to add : "Virtue is not always unselfish" : for as there can be no marriage without both man and woman, so can there be no *true* virtue, unless virtue be wedded to unselfishness.

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He who centres his mind on himself, centres it on a small thing, hence is selfishness childish, for children centre their minds on small things; but he who centres his mind on others, centres it on vast things,¹ for humanity is infinite.

To love one other is less childish than to love oneself, and to love a hundred others is to step on the path towards Wisdom, but to love everybody is the acme of Wisdom and the essence of Bliss.¹

Unselfishness and folly—how often these walk hand in hand in the minds of the unthinking, for to them unselfishness means martyrdom. Yet in truth how little akin are unselfishness and pain, unless they be wedded to foolishness?

Childish, indeed, and dangerous to the

¹ This has a twofold meaning, i.e. that he who could love everybody would realize the SELF, which is SAT-CHIT-ANANDA (Absolute Existence-Knowledge-Bliss).

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community, is the man who would starve his body that a drunkard might glut himself with drink : yet in the eyes of the drunkard were not that unselfishness ? Wise, therefore, is he who can temper his unselfishness with discretion, and perceive the useful from the baneful. And here a truism has been uttered, but how many even apply the truths of truisms ?

Behold another truism ! Does it behove a man to stick knives into his flesh that a heartless child may enjoy the spectacle of his grimaces ? Or does it behove the poet—who, striving in his solitude to bring down some of the thoughts from higher planes, thus enlivening the dull grey planes of earth—to accede to the desire of his spouse who says : “ Come walk with me by the lotus-pool in the garden, time hangs heavy on my hands ” ? Well might he answer, “ Forgive me, Beloved, but I have more

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important things to do than walking in the garden." For there is a time for everything, even to seem selfish.

The not too wise ones infer—to give with a gift in the hand and a wound in the heart, that is unselfishness; that is true sacrifice; for the greater the pain of giving, the greater the virtue thereof. And yet, how surely the falsity of this phrase is laid bare if the question be asked: is blessed then the *uncheerful* giver?

He who gives with pain, gives not with love, and where love is not, there is still selfishness.

Pain of giving—this, verily, is a characteristic of childishness. Behold the child—it pins its happiness to a doll, a toy, or a sugary cake, and must it give any of these away, it thinks it must also give away its happiness: and therein lies the mistake. But the full-grown soul, he knows that whatever he

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gives, he cannot give away his happiness. For he pins his happiness not to pounds and praise and possessions ; the dolls and toys and sugary cakes of manhood, but to love, intellect and truth, things that can be *given* verily, but cannot be given *away*.¹

Painless giving, truly then is this of merit, and easy to the grown-up soul. And yet even the cheerful giver is not always the selfless one, for oft does he resent the giving of others.

Not depured of selfishness is she who labours the livelong day for the comfort and pleasure of her beloved, and yet within her heart thinks : " All happiness to him must come alone through *me*."

Ah, verily, not solely the desire to give, oneself, unto the beloved is the test of true selflessness, but the joy of beholding others

¹ See *The Real Tolerance, Pleasure* (A. C. Fifield).

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add to his happiness as well. For the wholly selfless one is he or she who gives all that she *can*, yet suffers others joyfully to give that which she can *not*. And thus is her giving not tainted with egotism and vanity, but the mother of real happiness to her beloved, and hence also to herself.

Much does the pious one talk of self-denial and self-abnegation, for in his heart he thinks : " Let me cause myself discomfort and thus improve my own character or gain the right to a better seat in Heaven."

And yet, O pious one ! Know that self-denial is not always wedded to selflessness : for only when the motive of that self-denial be to benefit another, is it one with selflessness.

Many are those who scoff at the withered arm of the Yogi and the self-inflicted torture of the ancient Saint, but with the same voice say : " Behold, Lent is here, let me deny myself this or that." And yet, O scoffers !

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the age will come when the wise ones will smile also at you.

Truly may it be said : to deny the body that which still the mind desires is not real renunciation, but merely illusion : for verily renunciation is alone complete when there is no *sense* of renunciation.

He who, absorbed in the happiness and interests of others, thinks least of his own character, benefits his character the most : not he who practises useless self-denial.

VI

RELATIVE HAPPINESS AND UNCONDITIONAL HAPPINESS

THE incentive to all activity—yea, also to inactivity—is the search for happiness.¹ Let a man ponder over this and he will discover a truism.

The murderer lusting for money kills the miser that he may steal his hoard: and

¹ This also means the search for the SELF, which is of its own nature Absolute Bliss, and which man in his ignorance seeks for outside himself instead of within. Says Christ, "the kingdom of Heaven is within."

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this is the search for happiness. The hermit sits in a cave and contemplates the Divine—and this also is the search for happiness ; but the difference is that the sinner searches the foolish way, and the roundabout way, while the saint searches the wise way, and hence the quick way.

Even the appeasing of the smallest twinge of Conscience is the search for happiness.

There is a relative happiness, and there is an unconditional happiness. Man attains to the latter when he makes his mind *one* with happiness.¹

Listen ! A child and a man build toy castles on the table, and the table is shaken so that the toy castle falls to the ground. Why does the child set up weepings and lamentation, whereas the man merely laughs, or is indifferent ? Truly because the man

¹ Ananda is the word, meaning Spiritual Bliss ; an attribute of the SELF.

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is a little nearer to that *unconditional* happiness than the child, and hence for him the fall of a toy castle cannot appear as a tragedy.

For the childish soul, verily, the world is overcrowded with tragedies, but to the full-grown soul who is at-one with *unconditional* happiness, even life's greatest tragedies, are but as the fall of toy castles.

For the man who is dependent on *relative* happiness, how difficult are unselfishness, non-jealousy, magnanimity, and charitableness, because all is difficult which would seem to deprive one of happiness; but to him whose mind is illumined by *unconditional happiness*,¹ verily all is easy.

There are wiseacres who proclaim, "This

¹ In order to acquire this Unconditional Happiness, it is necessary to practise concentration, holding the mind to the idea "I am happiness," and trying to *feel* absolutely happy. When this has been practised for a long period it works subconsciously. This practice is called Yoga.

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unconditional happiness, what is it but self-hypnotization ? ” Yet, may it be asked, “ On the part of a man, is the absence of distress over the fall of a toy castle also self-hypnotization ? ” The precept sounds strange—but let a man hypnotize himself to grow up.

Are there those who deem in the heart of the grown-up soul comes a baneful indifference ? Truly is the grown-up soul possessed of a *divine* indifference.

Know, O questioners ! there are two kinds of indifference : the indifference which arises from tedium, and the indifference which arises from intrinsic happiness ; and the former is mundane but the latter is *divine*.

“ Too tedium-fraught am I to feel either joy or sorrow any more,” says the blasé one in his weariness of life. But the grown-up soul, too happiness-fraught is he to feel

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aught else but happiness. And this is *divine indifference*, for the latter one is above sorrow, but the former one, he is merely blunted towards it.

O wise ones ! cultivate Divine Indifference and be at Peace.

VII

RELIGION

ONE of the Shining Ones said, "The greatest of all is charity," and "Forgive your enemies—even to seventy times seventy," but who understands the full import of these precepts, and who carries them to their logical conclusion?

There are many pious ones who pretend to forgive their enemies, but they do not even *pretend* to forgive their wives.¹ "An immoral woman is an abhorrence to me,"

¹ See *The Real Tolerance*, chapter on "Conjugality."
(A. C. Fifield.)

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they say, "and adverse to all religious teaching, therefore, let me be rid of her." But is that charity, is that forgiveness?

Verily, who commits the greater error, the woman who goes astray, or the man who, because of his intolerance, sends her further astray? The answer is obvious.

At one time, Religion was made an excuse for murder and bloodshed—now it is made an excuse for jealousy, which is the murder of love.

Truly, an elastic thing is Religion in the hands of many, and a furnisher of elastic excuses designed to fit even pairs of opposites. For 'neath the mask of Religion, one man can send his wife forth into the darkness, although she be loth to go, and another man can abjure her to remain¹ by his side, although

¹ The Roman Catholic idea being that marriage is a Sacrament, therefore it cannot be dissolved; only ignorance, however, degraded it to the legalizing of

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she be loth to stay; and charity is conveniently laid aside in both transactions, and the "greatest of all" is hidden away.

Christianity and killing—strange that these two should be wedded, yet in the heart of the sportsman, truly they seem to be wedded happily. "Let us go forth and kill something," say these sportsmen on a weekday, but on the Sabbath: "Let us listen to the Preacher, preaching the doctrine of Compassion." Truly, does "piety" often wander into strange logic, for when the question be asked, "How does compassion accord with killing?" then comes the answer in the voice of religion, "Animals have no souls,¹ therefore let us kill them."

amours, being originally the mystic union of the Individual Soul with the All-Soul.

¹ Occultism does not admit this, but regards animals as our younger brothers in Evolution, i.e. they will *become* Man.

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“Aye,” adds the logician, “and thus deprive them of the only thing they possess.”

Like an allegory filled with many truths is Religion, from which the child gleans foolish things, and the intelligent man wise things—but the grown-up soul—he gleans sublime things.

Better it is to admit of no God at all, than a stupid God. Yet countless are the people who fill their Religion with stupid things. And this is childishness.

Much do preachers extol the virtue of belief in the After-life and the “sweet rest from all labour”; yet much weeping is there at the death of a loved one. Truly they believe most who weep least: for only the selfish and the unconvinced lament when others embark upon their celestial holiday.

VIII

JEALOUSY

THE world affirms jealousy is of two kinds : that for which there is cause, and that for which there is *no* cause. But Truth affirms : he who is jealous without cause suffers from delusions and is in danger of the mad-house.

Verily that man alone is without jealousy who never feels jealous even when there be cause.

In some countries, jealousy is well-nigh a Religion,¹ but in the mind of the full-grown soul it is never aught but childishness.

The victims of catch-phrases say : “ Never

¹ This refers to the Vendetta in Italy.

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is a man truly in love, unless he be jealous, for jealousy and love are inseparable." And yet so are sweetmeats and sickness in the bodies of delicate children, yet the adult can eat many sweetmeats without being sick. So can the adult soul love without being jealous.

Listen! For let us expose the fallacy of these catch-phrases! He who loves truly, thinks alone of the happiness of the Beloved, and foolish is the man who in his conceit says, "I am the only bestower of happiness, now and for all time." Wiser were it for him to say, "As there are countless charmers in the world beside myself, if it be your happiness, Beloved, to love another, then am I happy in the spectacle of your joy." ¹

Better were it if the catch-phrase ran thus: "*Spurious* love and jealousy are inseparable, for he whose love is not true can

¹ See *The Real Tolerance*, "Conjugality."

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behold, without pain, the misery of his Beloved."

Truly, significant is the fact that even the most jealous ones know little of love. Aye, for jealousy is but the child of vanity, and love sometimes is only its nurse.

Are there any who say, jealousy savours a little of the romantic? To be above it were to be romantic, for it is undignified, a banality, and a childishness, and most children are too young for romance.

Even the drama is filled with the spurious romance of jealousy and the rantings of outraged husbands, and the screamings of jealous wives are represented for the benefit and excitement of the spectators. But the grown-up soul, he watches without thrill and without passion, and murmurs to himself: "Surely here is much noise about very little—methinks this must be a play for children."

IX

CRUELTY AND PLEASURE

THE notion sounds sad, but cruelty is a characteristic of childhood. To pull out the legs of beetles and the wings of resplendent butterflies, to kill and to torture the infinitely weak, this is diversion in the minds of children, and this may be called *undignified* cruelty.

Man is also cruel, but he has contrived—so he thinks—to be cruel in a dignified way—so dignified, that in his own eyes forsooth, he is no longer cruel—yet through the eyes of compassion, he has no longer ignorance even as the excuse for his cruelty.

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That he may have a little walk, or a little run, he plucks out the life of a harmless bird, or a beautiful deer, murmuring to himself in his vanity: "Clever am I, for I have shot this animal."

Yet, were it fitter should he say: "Childish am I, for my mind is so void of recourse that I needs must buy my pleasure by the loss of another's life."

Within the seclusion of the forest, to send countless living things *out* of the world, this is a virtue in the eyes of many, but without the seclusion of wedlock, to bring one living thing *into* the world, this is a disgrace in the eyes of the intolerant.

The exercise of one's physical muscles, this is a diversion for children, but the exercise of one's moral muscles, this is a diversion for manhood—yet to exercise both were good for healthiness, and the cultivation of the will to grow up.

CRUELTY AND PLEASURE

For the pleasure of the moment a child will endanger its limbs ; blinded to danger by the intoxication of its game, until the parent needs must say : “ Do not do that, or you will do yourself a mischief ”—and this is childishness. Yet that selfsame parent may endanger his substance for the momentary intoxication of a game of cards, or may endanger his neck for the momentary pleasure of running after a ball—and this is also childishness, for it is the indiscretion which is the lesser part of valour.

The childish soul—lacking discrimination—takes his pleasures in a way that may bring pain to others, or pain to himself, but the full-grown soul takes his pleasures in a way that can only bring joy to others, and joy to himself.¹

¹ See *The Real Tolerance*, “ Final Aphorism.”

X

TOLERANCE AND INTOLERANCE

“HE who thinks not as I think, casts a slur upon my intelligence :” so reasons the Intolerant One in his subconscious mind. For, truly, intolerance is but the offspring of vanity.

There is but one truth, and by *my* way of looking at it, speaks the voice of vanity ; yet the voice of truth says, the landscape may be looked at through a window of blue, or a window of red, or a window of green, yet is the landscape the same ; but vanity—it blinds itself even to facts that are self-evident.

To allow unto others to think and do that which one does not think or care to do

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oneself—this is tolerance—but few and far between are the really tolerant ones.

Only the truly tolerant ones can aid humanity, and help in the changing of human nature, for the intolerant frighten the needy away.

The vicious one comes to the sage and says, "Behold, sir, I am afflicted with many vices, tell me some method by which I can chase those vices away." And the sage in his tolerance smiles gently and lovingly, telling him that which he desires to know, so that he goes on his way aided and happy.

But if that same vicious one should come to him who is intolerant and lacking in wisdom, asking the same question, then would the answer be, "Get out of my sight, you are an unclean thing in my eyes, and your vices are offensive to my nostrils." And in this way does intolerance frighten the needy away.

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As a child is horrified in the dark because it is full of fear and ignorance, so is the childish soul horrified by the dark deeds of others, because it is full of fear and ignorance¹ also.

To “hate the sin, and love the sinner,” this, if a wise precept, were difficult of achievement. For he who hates the sin, is in danger of hating the sinner also ; therefore, let a man be indifferent to the sin, so is it easier to love the sinner.

The truly tolerant one hates not even sin, for hating is a waste of activity unto whatever it be exercised, moreover even through sin the wise one sees the way to goodness.

Many are the blind alleys of sin leading nowhere but to Abomination, thinks the intolerant one in his nearsightedness : yet do those blind alleys lead neither to nowhere, nor to Abomination, for in the heart of

¹ The word is *aviveka*, really non-discrimination of the real from the illusory.

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the wanderer, verily, they lead to the choice of the right path.

Much talk there is of sin and sinners; and ugly names are these for mistakes and for him who maketh mistakes. Yea, ugly words for the tongues of the intolerant: but the full-grown soul, he has no usage for ugly words, and the calling of names like petulant children, "Behold," he says, "what you call sin is but the longer way to happiness, therefore why all this unseemly ado!"

How impatient are the intolerant of the going-astray of others, yet solely vanity is the cause of their impatience, if it be not also selfishness and ignorance. Like a man—is the intolerant one—seeing a child take a wrong turning and constrained to shout, "Hey there, child! that path leads only to a rubbish heap, take the other one instead." But the child heeds him not and goes upon

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its way. Then that man murmurs to himself: "Out upon that infant who dares to pit its ignorance against *my* knowledge, well does it deserve to find its journey in vain." For with such-like expressions does his wounded vanity seek for revenge. But the man who is without vanity, under the same circumstances, would merely smile and continue his course, thinking to himself, "I tried to save the child some trouble and fatigue, but now through taking the wrong way it will find the right one for itself, and thus it will learn something for its good." Such is the difference between tolerance and intolerance.

Only the truly tolerant one can be supremely happy. For, just as the eternal serenity of the blue sky remains unaffected by the passing clouds, so does the serenity of the truly tolerant one remain unaffected by wrongs and misdeeds.

XI

PARENTAL INTOLERANCE

THE intolerance of schoolboys—this is evident even to the unobservant ones—but the intolerance of parents, this is only evident to the moral analyst ; for much of it is hidden under the name of *parental authority*.

Useful it is for young children to learn to obey, but how “useful” also for the parent to be obeyed. So useful, forsooth, that long does the child remain young in the eyes of the parent—even when it be old.

Tolerant is the parent who knows when to cease the voice of command, and wise is he or she who knows when the child is grown

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up—and acts in accordance with that knowledge—yet few are the parents who can break themselves of the habit to command.

Parents and husbands—sorely are these tempted to be selfish, for he who controls the purse-strings holds in his hand a deadly weapon to enforce compliance with most desires.

Too much do parents forbid their adult children to do even harmless things, for to those still tainted with vanity and selfishness, even the harmless things may bring inconvenience. “Do not do this,” and “do not do that,” they say, and when the question be asked, “But why am I not permitted to do a thing which is without evil?” then comes the lame response of selfishness, “Because *I* do not wish it, and that is enough.” Yet, in the eyes of the child it is not enough, for that child is constrained to murmur to itself, “Much does mother

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talk of unselfishness, but little unselfish is she herself."

The voice of wisdom *advises*, but seldom *commands*, and if the advice be not followed feels no resentment, being devoid of vanity and selfishness. But the voice of vanity commands abstention even from things it knows to be harmless, saying, "Do not do this lest others talk!" Then does the child answer this time, "I care not what others talk" (for the child is more heroic than the parent), but the voice of vanity in the parent says, "I care, for *my* child must never be talked about."

Too much imprisoning of adult children—especially daughters¹—is there on the part of parents lest they come to harm, yet he or she who fares not forth into the world can never learn wisdom, and always will her

¹ The Sage here is talking purely from the Western point of view.

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virtue remain negative, like the virtue of one who is in a prison. Verily, the vices of a human being are better than the virtue of a canary bird. But why the cage, and why the fetters? Ah, thinks the heart of parental selfishness, should by any chance harm come to our children, *annoyance* would come to *us*, therefore away with wisdom, the cage is simpler!

What parent does not deceive her children about many things when they are young, saying to herself, "They cannot understand, therefore to tell them the truth were of no avail," but adult children also deceive their parents, saying, "They are too old-fashioned, they cannot understand; therefore let us do what we think is right, and keep our own counsel." For thus does the intolerance of parents breed deception.

To exact too many great things, or too many foolish things, or too much self-abnega-

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tion, or too much self-restraint from one's children is also to breed deception, and the parent who is deceived because of this must blame alone himself.

Easy it is to command or advise, and pleasurable it seems for childish souls, but not so easy to convince the commanded ones that the command is good and replete with reason; yet he who commands without convincing must expect either to be thwarted or else deceived.

Verily, too often are children a serviceable vent for much ill-humour and lust for preaching on the part of parents, and though convenient it be to taunt those who dare not retaliate, yet are Cruelty and Cowardice ill-sounding substantives for the strong who bully the weak.

"Much fault-finding and preaching and complaining of our coldness has mother done," says the child; "methinks she is in

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a pet this morning, let us hide ourselves away." And verily, O child, thou has spoken truth. So, parents ! wise are you if you do not underestimate the perspicacity of your children ; and if you desire their love, learn not to bully—like childish schoolboys.

Let a parent beware of attempting to stifle the individuality of his or her offspring, especially when they be grown up : for such is a "sin" against the Divine ;¹ moreover it is but selfishness and vanity in disguise. Aye, to imprison the body of an innocent person, this is indeed reprehensible, but to imprison the mind is more reprehensible still in the eyes of the Shining Ones.

The noblest of all gifts that a parent can give to his offspring is the gift of Individuality and freedom of Thought.

¹ The idea in Oriental Religious Philosophy is that the Divine Consciousness which is ONE became the many, so that each soul should have a separate individuality.

XII

CONJUGAL INTOLERANCE

THE Adult Soul marries that he may dwell with the Beloved ; the Childish Soul marries that no one else may dwell with his Beloved. The deed is the same, but the motive for the deed—*that* is the distinguisher 'twixt wisdom and folly.

Too much of *I* and *mine* is there in marriage, and too much excuse and glorification for ugly things—therefore the precept were not inapt : married ones ! purify your marriage.

As a selfish child clutches its toy so that another child may not play with it, crying,

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"This toy belongs to me," so does a selfish husband clutch his wife, saying in his heart, "You and your love belong to me, beware! if you give it to any one else"; and marriage aids and abets him in his unsightly clutching.

Dangerous is marriage to those who are jealous, and to those enthralled by the sense of possession, for much too easily can they indulge these ugly qualities with *seeming* dignity.

Once it was written, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," but well were it to add nowadays, "O wise one! thou shalt not covet even thine own wife, for more is she than part of thy goods and chattels."

He who seeks to possess another's soul, or another's love for his own, is truly a child in his folly, for neither of these is possessable either by force or compact.

Loud are the love protestations of the

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newly-wedded ones, and noble does the sentiment sound, "All in the world will I give to render you happy," but does that "all" comprise "even the love of another man"? Verily, more truthful were it to say, "Much would I strive to render you happy, but if your happiness demands the sacrifice of my vanity—called my honour—then woe to your happiness. For I love my vanity more than I love *you*."

Listen to the speech of the tolerant one, and of the intolerant one. The former, he says, "As your chastity is good for your soul, then strive to be faithful for your own sake; but if through the frailty of human nature you should not succeed, then will my sympathy and my forgiveness be with you."¹ But the intolerant one, he says in his heart,

¹ This shows phenomenal tolerance on the part of a Hindoo, and that he is above oriental prejudices respecting women.

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“As your chastity is good for my convenience and my honour, be faithful to me, and if you should not succeed, then will my anger and revenge be upon you.”

Much deceiving, in marriage, there is because of intolerance. Yet is deception only a shield in the hands of those from whom too much is exacted.

Verily, the tolerant one is seldom deceived, for what wife needs to shield herself against the anger of one who is never angry?

Not by the force of the law, nor the intonations of the priest, is the love of husband or wife retained, but only by the manifestation of the most love-inspiring qualities. For these are the strongest of all fetters.

XIII

CONVENTIONALITY

CONVENTION and laziness—these go hand in hand, doddering along blind alleys, for both these lead to “nowhere.”

“Let us do as others do, and think as others think,” say the conventional ones, “thus shall we not be thought unusual”; yet they forget to add, “and thus not be troubled to think *for ourselves*.”

Vain and cowardly is the man who fears to be thought unusual, yet who thinks himself less vain than the conventional one ?

Nay, vain and cowardly is that one who is troubled *at all* by what others say or think,

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or *might* say or *might* think, and he who on that account refrains from actions which, in his own estimation, are either right or harmless ; truly, is he a victim of childishness. For not only is he thus untrue to himself, but also a panderer to that pettiness and small-mindedness ¹ which so retards the emancipation of the Human Race.

To ape one another is a characteristic of childhood, for what small boy does not ape his elder brother, though the deed he apes may be void of either dignity, sense or rectitude ? Yet, not less childish are those who ape the majority, for they, too, ape even the most foolish things.

¹ Petty and senseless rules are what constitute Pharisee-ism, and religious people should note that of all things, Jesus was the most impatient of this. If He were to return in the present day, it would be the conventional ones and the sectarian Christian He would denounce.

CONVENTIONALITY

Great is the superstition that what the *majority* does is right, nearer to the truth were it to say, what the majority does is wrong, for only the *few* it is who *think*, and verily ignorance multiplied cannot become knowledge. The thought of Galileo was right when the thoughts of the whole world were wrong; the thought of Columbus was right, when the thoughts of the whole world were wrong—then why this adulation for the majority, when even a simpleton can learn it is false?

Convention, respectability, and decency, these are a trinity in the eyes of the unthinking, yet to the peeper behind scenes, how often does respectability infer the indecent.

“Go not to the house of a man, unless your servant bear you company,”¹ says the

¹ Here again the Sage is talking from the Western point of view: in India, of course, such a thing would be unpermissible.

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voice of Respectability to the maiden, but it does not add, "lest that man forget himself, and do you an outrage." Yet that same voice denies no man to go to the house of a lonely woman, unless he be in the company of his lackey. Verily convention is neither the mother of decency nor logic, but of insult.

Much condemnation there is of the *ancient* Pharisees, but who among the conventional ones has the insight to know he is none other than a *modern* Pharisee?

Only the childish chicken-hearted soul fears to do aught but to imitate; aye, to be led by the hand and go nowhere alone, that is the characteristic of childishness. But the adult soul, he is daring and venturesome, and forges his way ahead. For not to imitate is his delight, but to create. Thus is originality manhood, conventionality childishness.

CONVENTIONALITY

There are those who say a “poseur” is he who thinks not, and acts not as others. But a poseur in truth is the conventional one: for in the whole of Nature not two beings are alike, therefore unnatural is he who strives to *do* and to *be* exactly as others; and this is childishness.

XIV

THE LOVE OF POWER

LOVE of power, truly this is one of the most dangerous of all “loves,” for too often does it lead to destruction and the left-hand path.¹

The desire to command, the desire to dominate, the desire to be feared, be admired, be worshipped, the desire to be “King of the castle,” all these go hand in hand with love of power—yet are they all but vanity, and but amusements for children.

“If I cannot be loved, let me at least be feared.” Thus speaks the voice of vanity and lust for power.

¹ Vâma-mârga, the dark side of evolution.

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Even he who yearns for power that he may use it for other's good—he is not yet devoid of vanity, for deep in his heart does he say, “I will that another's good shall be the outcome of *my* power.”

Like dynamite in the hands of children is love of power in the childish soul—for therewith is it possible to wreck others, and to wreck oneself.

Power itself and love of power—verily different are these two things—for only with love of power does vanity come into play and the pride of being powerful.

Aye, certainly to be a man is good, but strange were he who prided himself on being a man ; lacking in brain were he, and like a child priding itself on getting older.

Much does the love of power show itself through schoolboys, flunkeys, parents and husbands ; to “lord it” over the smaller lad, this is the delight of the schoolboy ; to

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“lord it ” over the other servants, this is the delight of the flunkey ; to assert her authority, this is the delight of the parent ; and to be master in his own house, this is the delight of husbands—and truly the mother of all these “delights ” is vanity.

XV

FALSE JUDGMENT AND CRITICISM

LACKING in charity maybe is he who judges at all, but lacking in judgment is he who judges by action only, knowing not the thought that is *behind* the action.

Those who judge ill would say, "Cowardly is the man who, being challenged to fight a duel, refuses to fight," but those who judge well would say, "More cowardly is he who fears to be called a coward; for he would sacrifice another man's life, or his own, because of a few childish thoughts." Ah, verily, brave may be the "coward" who refuses to fight.

FALSE JUDGMENT AND CRITICISM

Too prone are the ill-discerning ones to deem others selfish . . . how oft do they say, "He thinks not of *me*, therefore he must be thinking of himself. Out upon him and his self-centredness!" Yet, in the world are there but two things—me and thee? Verily were it well to discover if he be not thinking of *him* or *her*, or *they* or *it*, before condemning his self-centredness.

Ever on the alert are the foolish to discover the blemishes of others, and much do they exercise the spirit of criticism, deeming themselves wise in their folly. And yet, he who blots out the good and the beautiful in his search for that which is ugly—truly he is the victim of childishness, for he destroys his own happiness and his capacity to love and be loved.

Regretfully does the critical one exclaim aloud, "Lonely am I, for I can find no kindred souls!" And yet in his heart he adds,

FALSE JUDGMENT AND CRITICISM

“Too wise and perfect am I to be blind to the imperfections of others.”

Like a child is the critical one, confronted by an antique cabinet, and searching alone for wormholes rather than beauty of structure and design—for in that it looks alone for the small and puny it overlooks the great and magnificent. Moreover in its ignorance it says : “This cabinet has a blemish, therefore it is valueless.” But he who judges aright knows that even blemishes possess their significance.

Verily, when true wisdom perceives the faults of others it dwells not upon them, for as the truism runs : only “small minds dwell upon small things,” as only children play with toys.

Wise indeed is that mind which rids itself of carping criticism, and thus suffers the panoramic beauties of Life and Love to pour into the soul.

XVI

THE WAY OF LOVERS

WISE are they who know one another well ¹ before they bind the cord of wedlock, for most lovers are as drunkards, knowing not what they do, and beholding each other with glazed eyes, blinded by the fumes of desire and sentiment.

To be in love and to deem at once one has found a helpmate for life may be the height of folly : for too often is the state of

¹ It was Baudelaire who said a man should only marry his mistress ; but the Sage does not imply altogether that, but that it would be wiser to be on intimate terms and fully know one another's tastes and ideas in every direction, before " binding the cord of wedlock," for without this there can be no true love and understanding.

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being in love divorced from true friendship and mental understanding.

Only the childish soul when in love loses his reason, and sees his beloved with the eyes of a drunkard ; but the full-grown soul is beyond the pairs of opposites.¹

As actors are people in love, and dangerous actors, deceiving the beloved, in that unsatisfied desire awakens a spurious selflessness which wedlock dissolves ; and thus many a man thinks he has married a saint to find all too soon he has but married a sinner.

Aye, like actors and a play is courtship : for when the play is over, the actors become themselves again ; yet is courtship more deceptive than a play, for in the former the actors pretend even they are not acting.

¹ The "pairs of opposites" is a phrase often to be found in oriental philosophy. To be beyond these means never to love desperately, or to hate. The true Sage loves, but without desire or the sense of possession.

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Heroic is that man who will frankly tell to his beloved : "I am not as you see me," and does not entrap her into the net of wedded misery by the manifestation of false and ephemeral virtues : for such a man loves his beloved before himself.

Much does Society complain of divorce-ment and the intrigues of wedded life, yet is Society itself to blame for the mother of its complaints : for that mother is its own intolerance.

Too many "match-makers" are there in Society, bringing together strangers, and then sealing strangers together in wedlock ; yet which "match-maker" thinks of the happiness of those she matches, instead of her own vanity and lust for match-making.¹

Much foolish slander is spent upon "old maids," but wiser is she who never marries

¹ This means that Society never really gives lovers the chance to know one another. It must also be

THE WAY OF LOVERS

than she who marries merely for the sake of marrying. Aye, too much lust on the part of women is there for marriage, and too much "hoodwinking" of men into marrying them—and that is childishness.

All true love is at first sight, for it is based upon recollection.¹

remembered that marriage exists for the sake of the children, and where there is no real unity between the parents, discord is in the home, the effect on the children being of a most serious nature.

¹ This seems rather strange to Western minds, but in Sanskrit, love and recollection are the same word; taking into account the doctrine of reincarnation, which means, to love at first sight is to recollect the "love" of one's former life. The Sage, however, I think, overlooks the fact that the Westerners are less psychic than the Hindoos, and therefore not so likely to "recollect" at once.

XVII

THE VALUE OF LOVE

"THE greatest of all . . . is love." Too limited is the interpretation of the saying in the minds of the multitude, and tarnished by catch-phrases and spurious truths, yet the wise ones cast away those limitations, and reach its infinitude.

Verily, O Discerners ! Love is such, that the more you give forth, the more you possess, and the less you give forth the less you possess ; but the catch-phrase says in its truthlessness, "Man can only love but a few."

THE VALUE OF LOVE

There are some who say with a touch of pride, "I make not many friends," yet better it were to say it with a touch of shame or self-pity.

As the arm of the blacksmith grows in strength through the will to swing the hammer, so does the heart grow strong in love through the will to love.

To love, and to love to be loved, verily different and far apart are these two things, and full of vanity and unwisdom is the latter, and also endangered with pain—but the former that is a joy in itself.

Alone in beholding with admiration and love the sunlit landscape does the beholder obtain joy, even though the landscape can give neither admiration nor love in return; so in like manner does the wise one behold his beloved, obtaining joy, but asking nothing.

Even the unthinking must know that love of the soul is better than love of the body,

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yet only the daring will dare to say that love of the body is better than no love at all.

Ah, truly the greatest of all is love, but in the minds of mothers with beautiful daughters, too often the greatest of all is matrimony.¹

As food and drink are good for the body, so is loving and being in love good for the soul ; and yet too apt are parents to starve the souls of their adult children, lest trouble accrue to themselves through the prating of others.

Happy are some mothers who can say in their vanity, "Cold and inaccessible to men is my daughter, proud is she and endowed with self-respect ; for never must *my* child

¹ As a matter of fact, in India an unmarried daughter is a sort of disgrace, but of course the Sage is above such an outlook. Here again he is talking from the Western point of view.

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appear cheap in the eyes of men, or the world." And yet, O parent ! though pleasant to your vanity is the spectacle of her coldness, yet pitiful is the spectacle of her soul.

Too much idle prating and catch-phrasing is there about self-respect and loss of self-respect, yet truer names for these were selfishness and vanity ; for she who thinks of her self-respect, thinks of herself : more meet were it to think of her beloved.

Less culpable in the eyes of the world is she who juggles with the hearts of many men to gratify her vanity, than she who gives her body ¹ to one man because of love ; yet, verily, the eyes of the world were never brilliant with logic, nor true morality.

The highest of all morality is non-injur-

¹ The Sage here refers to people at a certain stage of evolution, not to those like himself who are beyond the " pairs of opposites," i.e. passionate love and hatred.

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ing¹ by thought or word or deed, yet she who turns away from her lover because of her vanity injures her lover.

Too much of the despot is there in the man who loves—and this is vanity, and too much of the slave is there in the woman who loves—and this is childishness—and this childishness is dangerous for the lover, in that it nurtures his vanity.

² If slavery on the part of woman is childish, yet more childish is feigned slavery; and how many women feign to be slaves, desiring to do the very thing they pretend *not* to desire, in order to be commanded or urged by their lovers? For in this manner do they get their own way without appearing to acquiesce, and thus are the pains of their childish vanity soothed and appeased.

¹ A-hinsâ, i.e. non-injuring, one of the cardinal virtues. See Patanjali.

² For an exquisite exposition of this trait, see *A Syrup of the Bees*, by F. W. Bain, page 10.

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Aye, like a child in the nursery is often a woman in love—unless she be an adult soul—for tainted by the spirit of untruth and pretence and whimsicality are her actions, and her moods, so that (as already said) she may obtain the object of her desire, without seeming to wish to obtain it. But the grown-up soul, she employs no such underhand ways—frank and open is she in her love, being devoid of vanity, and unashamed of her loving heart; and if there be aught she desire, too noble is she to lie, and to pretend she desires it not: for were not this the height of childishness?

Though apt were the precept, “O lovers, purify your passions!” yet also apt is the stranger precept, “O lovers, purify your chastity!”

Those who alone are chaste because of vanity, or self-respect, or fear of others’ slander, verily, impure is their chastity,

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and the outcome of childishness. But those who are chaste because of the virtues of non-injuring and self-control, verily, pure is their chastity, and dear are they to the Shining Ones.

Wise are those who love, and suffer others to love ; for sooner than aught else does the power of love bear the childish soul unto Manhood.

AFTERWORD

THERE is one point which might still be dealt with before concluding, and that is, the method of getting rid of childishness. This has been partly explained in the footnote to "Relative Happiness and Unconditional Happiness," but it were well to add something for the benefit of those who wish to direct the practice to other things than the acquirement of felicity. The *modus operandi* is simply to concentrate one's mind on the thing one desires to *become*, as already explained in the footnote referred to ; and yet, although the way is simple in itself, to possess the necessary patience and will-

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power to continue long enough, this is not quite so simple, and the first step must often be to acquire that patience.

The idea of childishness, however, is here a great help, as the correct diagnosis of a disease is half-way towards the cure. Now, although the word *childishness* carries no intolerance with it, yet the child who has got a little beyond childhood does not care to be called, or to be thought, a child. It is the same with adult human beings—let one but diagnose their so-called evil propensities as childishness, and in most cases they will not care to cling to those propensities any longer, for the illusion respecting them has vanished. As a man walking in the dark sees before him a piece of rope, and thinks to himself, "Here is something useful, I will keep this rope," and so goes to pick it up, but discovers it to be a serpent, then not only does he seek to avoid it with all haste,

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as a poisonous and horrible thing, but at the same time the illusion of the rope vanishes for ever.

So may the pain-bearing attributes of those who read this book vanish before the serpent of childishness, for this is the hope and earnest wish of the writer : since what is the use of any philosophy, unless it bring us Peace.

THE TRANSCRIBER.

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